

KNOW McGILL

By S. S.

Dentists Use Morgue.

The morgue of the Montreal General Hospital was once the clinic of the Faculty of Dentistry. That, however, was in the early years of the Dental School before radical changes took place.

Molar pulling was not always done in spotless chromium and white enameled chairs with scientific lighting and super scientific prices. Looking back over the history of Dentistry at McGill, we find that a dental department in the Faculty of Medicine was organized in the Autumn of 1903 with Dr. A. W. Thornton as Head. It was not until 1920 that the Department graduated from Medicine. It then became a Faculty all its own with the former Head promoted to the rank of Dean.

Only One Chair.

At the time of its inauguration, the Department held its lectures in the Medical Building while clinical practice was had in the Dental Infirmary which was run by the Dental Association of the Province of Quebec. Because of this Association's abandoning of their clinic, however, the Department was left without a place for practical work. But they managed to find one, and carried on their clinic. The sum total of their possessions at this time being a single chair in a badly lighted room in which sanitary facilities were not to be.

Chairs Replace Slabs

The year 1920 found the dental clinic in the morgue. It was the abandoned stuff-room of the Montreal General Hospital, minus the marble drawers. Here the slabs were removed and the number of chairs increased to eight with ten more added later when the dentists took over part of the ground floor of the Hospital. Soon after this addition, however, it became apparent that the increasing enrolment in the Faculty would necessitate the addition of more chairs and floor space.

Build New Wing

This major development came in 1921 when the Governors of the Montreal General Hospital consented to co-operate with the University in the building and equipping of a new wing to house the clinic. In 1922 it was said that due to arrangements with the hospital McGill's was the finest and best equipped of dental schools on the Continent, with a clinic probably in closer relations with hospital work than any other in the world.

Buy Saliva Ejectors

At this time, the Dean made a trip across Canada and down to California making addresses to McGill men on the merits of the newly improved school. An account written at that time states that in addition to the 50 new chairs of the very best type obtainable, "each chair... is equipped with a pedestal cuspidor, opal glass instrument trays, bunsen burners, saliva ejectors, individual electric lights, water and compressed air."

Becomes a Faculty.

As the dental field progressed it was felt that after first year, the subjects in common to both Dentistry and Medicine were very few, and the logical thing to do, in view of the increased number of dental undergraduates, was to separate the department into a separate faculty. Dr. A. L. Walsh then an associate professor and director of the dental clinic was asked on the retirement in 1928, of Dr. Thornton to undertake the administrative duties. Since then, he has been acting dean of the faculty.

Has Hospital Facilities

The Dental Faculty now occupies (Continued on Page Four.)

LITERARY TRADITIONS SUSTAINED BY FORGE

Commenting on this year's edition of the Forge, Glyn Owen, Editor for the '38-39 issue, stated that it was evolved "in the best tradition of college literary magazines, and fully maintains standards set by such publications."

Members of the Editorial Board, inviting readers of this edition to forward suggestions for improving the lay-out or the tone of the magazine now on sale, said that it is only with the co-operation of the readers that any form of publication can strive to make itself more appealing, both in content and facings. One may easily recognize the value of these condensed literary magazines, by citing the popularity of the innumerable "Digests" which flood the news-stands these days, and it is quite apparent that these publications are guided greatly by public opinion, and therefore strive to bring forth the best material with the greatest field of interest.

The Forge is now on sale at various points throughout the Campus, and according to Kay Gurd, editor-in-chief, the reaction on the part of the students towards the magazine is quite favourable. Comments from readers show that the stories contained are of general appeal, and that the illustrations are very commendable.

SANTA VISITS GERMAN PARTY

German Club's Xmas Party Held At Union

Carol Singing, Presents and Gluhwein Add to Holiday Spirit

By K. & S.

There was a true German "stim-mung" in the Union Grill-room last night when the German club held its annual Christmas party. Santa Claus stumbled haply upon the gathering and stood hopefully under the mistletoe while presenting, with appropriate verses, a present to each member.

Music for the carols was supplied by Miss Masters from the Westhill High school, and everyone joined lustily in the singing. Professor Beck's practically solo rendering of Tannenbaum will be long remembered as will Beryl Munro's recitation of the Gospel in German.

When everyone had received their present, (among which were rattles, baby's bottles, and an assortment of candy), refreshments were handed round, and there was a lively hub-bub of conversation in German(?).

In his speech earlier in the evening, Herr Beck expressed his gratification that so many students of McGill were carrying on their (Continued on Page Four.)

GLEE CLUB PRACTISE

New Songs, New Music, in Union Tomorrow

The McGill Glee Club will meet in the Union Ball Room at 5 p.m. this afternoon. It was stated last night by Cyril Powles, president of the club that several new pieces will be practised, among which are "The Lost Chord" by Sullivan, "Hoo-Dah", a sea shanty, arranged by Marshall Bartholomew, and an old English folk song by Vaughan Williams, "The World Went With Me Then." All members are urged to make every effort to attend.

CANADIAN AIR FORCE CHOOSES 8 MCGILL MEN

Mathematics Students Selected For Post

EMPIRE SCHEME

Navigator - Instructors Chosen From C.O.T.C., McGill Grads

The smooth co-operation of the McGill War Service Advisory Board, and the McGill contingent C.O.T.C. has been demonstrated in the series of events which have led to the choice of eight men to be trained as navigator-instructors of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Some time ago the Contingent was advised that the R.C.A.F. wished to secure fifteen men qualified to be trained for positions as navigator-instructors for the Air Force as part of the Empire air training plan, and was given the opportunity of recommending nominees to fill some of these posts. The matter was referred to Professor A. H. S. Gillson of the mathematics department, who is now conducting a special course in aeronautical navigation at McGill. Professor Gillson, working in close contact with the War Service Advisory Board, headed by Dr. C. F. Martin, submitted nominees from among members of the Contingent and McGill men registered with the Board.

8 Nominees Accepted.

It has just been learned that eight of the nominees have been accepted, four from among those enrolled in the C.O.T.C. and four McGill graduates outside the Contingent but registered with the Board. Then men chosen to proceed to Trenton for further training in their duties with the Air Force are: Captain D. O. Turnbull, Officer Commanding No. 4 Company of the McGill Contingent, K. McClure, R. D. Christie, K. S. Pitcairn, R. C. Woodhead, M. Davidson, T. S. Nowlan, and E. R. Pounder.

Mathematics Students.

A sound knowledge of advanced (Continued on Page Four.)

UNIVERSITY HEADS SEND GREETINGS

Dr. James and Monsignor Vachon Welcome Conference of Students

Messages from both Prof. F. Cyril James, principal-elect of McGill University, and Msgr. Alexandre Vachon, rector of Laval University, have been received by the executive of the Canadian Student Assembly which holds its fourth national conference from December 27 to 31 at Macdonald College. About 250 delegates are expected for the four-day meeting.

Professor James hopes that "all who participate attain thereby a clearer understanding of the environment in which our problems must be solved." Monsignor Vachon expressed pleasure that both young English and French-speaking Canadians "will meet to work in harmony toward the material, intellectual and spiritual prosperity of our country."

CARNEGIE MUSIC ROOM

For those students who enjoy listening to fine music played by the leading symphonic and philharmonic orchestras of today, it has been announced that the Carnegie Music Room in the Conservatorium of Music will be open from 12:30-4:30, on Thursday and Friday of this week, and on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, December 27, 28 and 29, respectively, and also on Wednesday, January 3 of the new year.

Arts Undergrads Usher In Vacation with Dance

Christmas Informal Is Last Entertainment Of This Session — Santa Claus Will Be in Attendance

By F.D.Q.

To-night marks the real advent of Christmas. The Arts Undergraduate Society is ushering in the holidays with Archie Etienne, Santa Claus, Gifts (for the ladies) and dancing. The place—Union Ballroom, the time—all evening.

The Christmas Informal is an annual dance, sponsored by the Arts Undergrads. Open to all faculties, it has, in past years, provided entertainment to engineers, medics, and all and sundry.

Tickets, which are selling for one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25) have been going at a good rate to date, and a crowd, unexcelled in years, is expected by the sponsors of the dance.

The dance marks both the beginning and the end. 'Tis the end of a tough grind, and the beginning of a tough grind. 'Tis the night after

school and the night (almost) before Christmas. It is spaced far enough away from the Junior Prom to allow of complete recovery for those who went, and close enough to allow those who didn't go to make up for lost time.

The programme, which promises to be varied, interesting, and entertaining, is being kept as a surprise. Santa Claus will be introduced, you may be sure, with adequate pomp and circumstance. Refreshments likewise will be a feature of the entertainment, and sparkling music, which is mentioned last only to give it deserving prominence, is furnished by the same maestro who has entertained at McGill Informals a number of times before, and knows what the students like.

Tickets may be obtained from any members of the Arts Undergraduate Society, from Bill Gentleman, or at the Union Tuckshop.

LAKE PLACID IS SCENE OF FETE

Visitors Are Guaranteed Modest Expenses

Varsity Students Will Go To Lac Mercier in Laur- entians

With the rising interest in collegiate skiing, excursions are being arranged during the holidays for ski enthusiasts. Students of McGill are offered eight days at Lake Placid, with special rates. This holiday is known to many as College Week. While McGill is down at Lake Placid Toronto Varsity Ski Club will be in the Laurentians at Lac Mercier.

American college students have come to Lake Placid for many Christmas holidays in order to partake in the New Year's festivities. Last year, Life Magazine "covered" the event with the result that the activities were recorded pictorially. Among the activities will be skiing, dancing to well known orchestras, ski-picnics, and skating. Visitors are assured good skiing conditions.

The expenses will not be high, and those who desire additional information should get in contact with David Neville, at MA. 1824 or at 3637 University Street.

Varsity ski enthusiasts in conjunction with the Canadian Youth Hostels Association will use the hostel at Lac Mercier which accommodates a hundred men. The Association is co-operating with Les Auberge de la Jeunesse of Quebec and every provision is being made for the comfort of the residents. An adjoining building houses 25 girls. (Continued on Page Four.)

Mad Medicos Make Fuss Over Dear Daschund; Women Worsted

By E. H.

Flash! The Meds are thinking of retiring from their ancient struggle with the Engineers for the control of the affections of McGill co-eds. Such petty things as the pursuit of women no longer absorb the attention of our doctors-to-be. A new, vital interest has come into their lives. Behold, they have adopted a dog! — and no mere terrier, either! The Meds—hold your breath, friends, here it comes—have acquired a Daschund! Long, black with brown spots, streamlined, Jimmie (imagine the loss of dignity to a Deutschlander in being called Jimmie) waddles all over the Medical building as if he was its owner.

"He's really beautiful," rave Med. students—"His fur is gorgeous, and his eyes! What mere female could hope to vie with such competition? The entire first year spend all their free time scratching behind his ears. "He positively purrs under such treatment," stated one usually reliable Medical student.

One of Jimmie's more noticeable characteristics is his dislike of women—he barks at them all. It was suggested that he has a marked resemblance to one of the members of the department which he frequents. So far, none of the campus cartoonists have used Jimmie for a model for their representations of Germany, but he will probably be put to this use yet.

It's a good thing most of the Meds. have not the time to do C.O.T.C. work—no telling how high feelings might run if they were, what with a Deutschlander receiving so much attention. Jimmie, despite his English name, has not, so far as is known, taken out naturalization papers. One student expressed his surprise that a member of a hostile nation should be treated so familiarly by our susceptible youth? A coed was infuriated at the thought that a mere Daschund should divert the attention of what she termed those desirable doctors.

MR. GILBERT E. JACKSON IS APPOINTED ACTING DIRECTOR OF SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

MCGILL TEAM MEETS Y.M.H.A.

Benefits of National Govern- ment to Be Argued

McGill Debaters Meet in Y.M.H.A. Auditorium At 8.15

The McGill Debating Union is debating with the Young Men's Hebrew Association tonight at 8.15 in the Y.M.H.A. auditorium. The topic is: "Resolved that a form of National Government is in the interests of the People at the present time." It was mentioned that the question is of special interest at the present, as many people are wondering whether or not it would be better to have such a government. Just such a government is now at the head of affairs in England for the duration of the war.

Affirmative for McGill.

The McGill Team will uphold the affirmative. Champions of McGill's stand are Leonard Bercusson and L. Shapiro, who are debaters of some experience. McGill is a member of the Montreal Debating League, and although there is no schedule due to the war conditions, the Team is competing just the same. In either January or February, McGill debates against the Junior Board of Trade.

The opponents of the McGill Team on the Young Men's Hebrew Association Team are Harry Aronovitch and Sam Druker. Both these debaters are veterans of the stand, and both are graduates of McGill University.

Y.M.H.A. Active

There are 50 men in the Y.M.H.A.'s Debating Club. Early in the Autumn their club had an exhibition debate with the Junior Board of Trade. Later in the year they expect to challenge other debating societies in Montreal. The Club periodically has prominent speakers to address them, and during the year they send out speakers to various functions in the City.

FRENCH-CANADIANS HEAR LAURENDEAU

Bloc Universitaire Sponsors Meeting Tonight at Strath- cona Hall

Under the aegis of the Bloc Universitaire, a gathering of French-Canadian students at McGill University will be held tonight at 7.45 in the Conference Room of Strathcona Hall.

The Bloc Universitaire is the organization which unites French-Canadian students of the universities of Laval, Montreal, and Ottawa. This second Conference was held early last month at Laval.

Andre Laurendeau, student in Sociology at McGill and Editor of "l'Action Nationale" will address the meeting. A report of the Bloc Universitaire Conference will be given. All French-Canadian students at the university have been invited to be present.

R.V.C. Ski House.

Will the girls who are going up to the house on New Year's weekend, meet today in Mrs. Tyrrell's room, Physical Education office, at 1.40 p.m. There is still room for two girls. Please sign up on notice board before noon.

The Daily is happy to announce that the prize for the best contribution to the Christmas issue is being divided between two contributors—Wallace Gowdwy and Jimmy Panos.

NATL. CONFERENCE DELEGATES ORGANIZE

This afternoon at 5 o'clock, the official McGill delegates to the National Conference of the Canadian Student Assembly, which is to be held December 27-31, at Macdonald College, will hold their organization meeting at Strathcona Hall. For purposes of organization, it was stated that it is of the utmost importance that all delegates, whether definitely or only tentatively chosen, appear at this meeting, because the purposes and methods of the Conference will be explained.

It was also indicated that those present will be organized into commissions which will continue pre-conference studies until the actual date of departure. The delegation will finally and definitely be determined by Wednesday, when the Selection Committee meets to decide on the few remaining applications.

YULETIDE ISSUE CLIMAXES TERM

Eight Page Paper Tomorrow Reflects Xmas Spirit

Gowdy and Panos Announced as Five Dollar Story Contest Winners

The Daily's 37th number of this year's volume will climax the fall term with a Christmas Issue. Tomorrow's will be in two sections with a total of eight pages, filled mostly with feature stories written in the Yuletide spirit.

The judges of the five dollar story contest have announced that their decision in making the joint award to Wallace Gowdwy and Jimmy Panos was unanimous, the award being split because one story had the good points that the other lacked. In weighing out a few of the large number of contributions, they were surprised at the number of ways in which the same age old ideas could be expressed.

The majority of members of the Canadian University Press have printed their last issues of the term in keeping with the spirit of the season, some of them even using red and green ink. The Daily will keep to the black but will decorate its pages with holly bordered heads on some of the features.

Those in charge of the issue wish to thank the contributors for their efforts to point out that their rejection were made more on a basis of lack of space than of merit.

PLAYERS TICKETS

Money From Russet Mantle Wanted Now

The executive of the Players' Club has asked that any of the following and any others who have tickets or money from Russet Mantle will leave it in the club room today between three and five p.m. If they are unable to do so at this time they are requested to leave the remaining tickets and money with their names and statements attached with Bill Gentleman, Union Tuckshop or at the switchboard in R.V.C. As a financial report must be made before the (Continued on Page Four.)

SUCCEEDS DR. JAMES

Served As Private in World War

CONSULTING ECONOMIST

New Director Will Continue Development of McGill Commerce School

The Board of Governors of McGill University announced yesterday that Mr. Gilbert E. Jackson has been appointed Acting Director of the School of Commerce, to continue during the next five months the work which Professor James began last September with a view to developing the School of Commerce and its adaptation to the changing requirements of new governmental and economic conditions of Canada.

Accomplished Economist.

Mr. Jackson, a statistician and at present a consulting economist, brings to this task considerable experience of both academic and business life. Born in Hedon, East Yorkshire, England, the son of John Lowthian, a physician and surgeon, he attended Denstone College in Staffordshire, and later obtained First Class Honours at St. John's College, Cambridge. He came to the University of Toronto in 1911 as Lecturer in Political Economy, and by successive promotions, became Professor of Economics and Supervisor of Studies in Commerce and Finance at that University in 1927, holding these positions until he was appointed Adviser to the Governors of the Bank of England in 1935.

Served As Private.

During the World War Mr. Jackson served as private in the 2nd Battalion of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, in India and Iraq from 1916-1919, and later was commissioned as 2nd lieutenant in the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. While in Toronto, in addition to his academic activities, he was a member of, and then Secretary to the Ontario Commission on Unemployment from 1914-1916. Chairman of the Ontario Employment Service Council from 1922-24, and Economist of the Bank of Nova Scotia from 1927-35. During this same period Mr. Jackson acted as a consulting economist in general practice.

Besides being a member of the Canadian Political Science Association, Royal Statistical Society, Cambridge Union, and the Arts and Letters, York, Carlton, and Savage Clubs, he is the author of "An Economist's Confession of Faith," which was published in 1935.

Camera Club

Special meeting today to discuss the photo contest and possibilities of a dark-room. Members and all others interested requested to attend at 5 o'clock in Room 37 of Engineering Building. (Z)

Geology 1-141

There will be no new laboratory work this week. There will be a meeting of the Wednesday section open to all those who missed last week's laboratory work on Chemical and Organic sedimentary rocks. (W)

Around The Globe

Canadian News: First Canadian troops land safely in Britain. . . . Scots cheer Canucks as ship docks in port "somewhere in England." . . . Two Province of Quebec by-elections show landslide for King's participation government.

European News: Heligoland is scene of biggest air battle in history of the war. 100 planes engaged in action which lasts all day. British claim sweeping victories in engagement. . . . Mr. Churchill avers latest victories as the "best week" of this or the last war.

The Pope will make an address on Sunday from the Vatican. It is expected the speech will be a strong plea for world peace.

Boysish crew of Admiral Spee, interviewed on their defeat at the hands of British light cruisers, claim part of their fighting mechanism out of order, and surprise of British attack secured advantage

Around The Campus

Today: Here's your chance to get in training for Christmas celebrating. Come to the Arts Informal tonight at the Union and get some X Christmas spirit(s)? . . . Attention debating fans. A debate will take place at 8.15 in Y.M.H.A. auditorium. They're discussing National Governments. . . . Last Glee Club get-together before the holidays, at 5 in the Union. . . . Also at 5—Organization meeting to select official McGill delegates to the National Conference at Strathcona Hall. . . . Calling all McGill French-Canadian students, Bloc Universitaire at 7.45 Strathcona Hall.

Over the Holidays: Skiing, skating, dancing every night at Lake Placid. The season's big collegiate event; sportsmen from all American and Canadian Universities. . . . C.S.A. round table at Macdonald, Ste. Anne de Bellevue. . . . N.F.C.U.S. hold celebration at old McGill in the Union.

McGill Daily

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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE

NEWS..... Peter Wyman
SPORTS..... Charles Bishinsky

REPORTERS

G. Hamlet, E. Hillman, H. Anderson, F. Miles, K. Ward, S. Innes, M. Popovitch, M. Nutter.

Montreal, Tuesday, December 19, 1939
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Comic-Paper War

In August, just before the outbreak of War, in a little Eastern Ontario town on the St. Lawrence, local gossip was buzzing with a tale.

During those rapid weeks before the British ultimatum expired, suspense and nervous tension created tremendous undercurrents of excitement, and people's minds were keyed to tales of espionage, sabotage, spies, and rumours of spies.

A school-teacher had recently become engaged to an army officer, a major, late of his Majesty's Forces, and he had been visiting in the little town, before the marriage ceremony. A growing whisper began its rapid ever-widening circle. Major D., was a foreign spy. The Major duly departed, his visit ended. Rumour, of which he was quite unconscious, followed him. Details of his arrest, and a charge of espionage were reported back minutely. The date of his trial was definitely known to the local sleuths.

The rumour spread clutching tenacles, and drew others into the circle of crime. The Major's fiancée, having resigned her post, had departed to her home some distance away to prepare for the wedding, blissfully unconscious of pending doom. Soon, in the local salons, she had been arrested—her home ransacked and sketches of various local buildings and "military" points found. The story was taken for gospel, and was a source of horror and amazement to all the good souls. "And so young," they said. "How terrible!" they clucked.

Briefly, the whole fabrication was false. A reporter on a newspaper in New York across the river took the very simple step of checking with the proper authorities. No arrests had been made, no house had been ransacked, no incriminating evidence found—the authorities raised their eyebrows. They'd never even heard of Major D.

The story points an obvious moral; and a moral which can be pointed in many ways. The "sinking" of Canadian troopships; dim tales of troop movements, slinking stories of espionage and counter-espionage, of plots and dark back rooms full of bearded strangers—a comic-paper war.

There are strange doings afoot, in small towns and great cities alike, and Canadians cannot make any mistake by being alive to them, and on the watch. But being on the watch does not imply spreading stories out of the corner of one's mouth, shielded by the back of one's hand, and for which there is no reasonable foundation in fact.

If you come in contact with something which doesn't ring quite true, check it back to its source, and if it looks substantially out of place, report to the proper authorities. But don't gossip!

Don't make this a comic-paper war!

We extend our congratulations to Mr. Philip F. Vineberg, a former Managing Editor of the Daily, and at present a member of the Department of Economics, who is being married today.



MOMENT IN PEKING, by Lin Yutang; The John Day Company, New York, 1938; pp. 815; \$3.00.

No matter how well our own Western authors may try to portray for us the life of the peoples of the Orient they still leave us with the feeling that they are telling us of what they have seen and not of what they have experienced. There is a great difference between being an observer of the ways of life of an alien people and being a direct and integral part of that life. It is for that reason that the need for a novel such as "Moment in Peking" has long been felt. The growing importance of China as a factor in international politics, and the increasing sympathy which the civilized world has felt for the Chinese struggle for independence has made such a novel almost a necessity. The appearance of "Moment in Peking" is thus very opportune.

"Moment in Peking" is no mere novel. It does not purport to tell the reader the story of a family or a group of families. It is rather a saga of China. Perhaps the most satisfactory expression of this book's purpose will be found in the author's preface. "This novel is neither an apology for contemporary Chinese life nor an expose of it, as so many recent Chinese 'dark curtain' novels purport to be. It is neither a glorification of the old way of life nor a defence of the new. It is merely a story of how men and women in the contemporary era grow up and learn to live with one another, how they love and hate and quarrel and forgive and suffer and endure, how certain habits of living and ways of thinking are formed, and how, above all, they adjust themselves to the circumstances in this earthly life where men strive but the gods rule."

The author has chosen to delineate for us the life of China from the turn of the century to the present day. His account includes the Boxer Rebellion, the dying days of the Empire, the establishment of the Republic, the struggle against the dead-weight of reaction and intrigue, the infiltration of Japanese influence and the final rebirth of China in its present united form. The reader is allowed, through the medium of masterful description and eloquent speeches, to become acquainted not only with the superficial aspects of Chinese life, not merely with the customs which are apparent to the most casual observer, but with the whole basis of Chinese society. The Family, that cornerstone of Chinese life, ancestor veneration, the intricacies of familial honours, child marriages, slavery of a sort, all combine to give the reader an insight into the basic structures underlying the China of the past. With the powerful command of language at his disposal Lin Yutang parades Chinese society before our astonished eyes. Not only the people and their customs, not only their greeds and virtues, but also their ideologies and religions take their place in the long procession which weaves its way among the pages of this remarkable book.

The central characters are the two daughters of a wealthy Taoist merchant; one a sensitive, rather impetuous girl, and the other a practical person. Their various ways of reacting towards the changes in Chinese life make an interesting study in the comparative psychology of personalities.

More important than the individual characters of the book are, however, the vast array of people whom the author either includes or implies. The face of a changing China is painted with the bold brush-strokes of the master for all the world to behold. The reader is transported (at times in spite of himself) to the site of action, living the life of the people and feeling the pulse of a nation in the grip of historical change. Gradually, we are shown the "westernization" of China; the change in outlook of the younger generation becomes more and more the predominant note of the book, until the author finally identifies himself with the movement for emancipation. The last part of the book deals with the Sino-Japanese conflict. Lin Yutang becomes very embittered in this latter part. He tells atrocious stories, and paints the Japanese in the darkest hues. The sorrow and courage of the Chinese masses become even more evident when seen against the dark background of this national catastrophe. The note on which the book ends is one of hope and eternal courage—Peking is a city that has seen many invaders, it has assimilated all of them, it has been razed to the ground and rose from the ruins to live again in all the splendour of its former glories, it is a city where centuries are but moments, and where the past forty years will become but another moment—no matter who wins the war between China and Japan—Peking will remain Peking and it will remain a Chinese city.

The publication of "Moment in Peking" marks another milestone in the literary career of Lin Yutang. His other English books, "The Importance of Living" and "My Country and My People", have been among the best-selling books on the market. The present volume ranks with the others both in importance and eloquence. It is a masterpiece of English literature.

ESCAPE, by Ethel Vance; Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1939; pp. 428; \$2.50.

The story of how the once-famous actress Emmy Ritter escapes from the hell that is a German concentration camp, as told in "Escape", reads like some fantastic detective tale. But the author was not so much interested in telling a gripping tale (although that result has been achieved) as in showing us that beneath the surface of loyalty to Nazi ideals and Nazi brutality there still exists a remnant of the civilization that was Germany before Hitler. Under the pseudonym of Ethel Vance the author has stripped the cloak of coarseness from the characters and has penetrated beneath the surface. Doctor Ditten, Fritz Keller, the Countess, they are all human beings even before they are Germans; and for a brief moment Ethel Vance has allowed that humanity

to show its face, to cry out to the rest of the world for salvation.

Emmy Ritter, an actress of great fame, left Germany twenty years ago and came to America. There she married and bore a son and a daughter, Mark and Sabina Preysing. After seeing her fame and fortune decline she decided to go back to Germany in order to sell her house there. While in Germany she is apprehended by the secret police, tried secretly and condemned to death for treason and anti-Nazi activities abroad. Mark arrives in Germany in a desperate effort to save her, and finds that all legal means are of no avail. In his desperation he embarks upon a plan conceived by the prison doctor, whereby Emmy Ritter is pronounced dead, her body put in a coffin and shipped out of the camp into the hands of Mark and her former servant, Fritz Keller. In the absence of a place to take his sick mother Mark imposes on the American-born Countess, who finds herself involved in this dangerous affair. The complications that ensue, and the eventual escape of Mark and his mother into Switzerland a bare hour prior to the discovery of the trick make very gripping reading.

The author of "Escape" has succeeded in endowing the participants in the escape of Emmy Ritter with a lifelikeness which has rarely been surpassed in literature. The interplay of emotions is so strong and complete in every detail that the reader is involuntarily gripped in the maelstrom. We are made to feel that the regimentation of the German people, complete though it may seem to a casual observer, is not as effective as the Fuehrer would have the world believe—there are still people in Germany in whom the light of civilization and humanity can shine through the brown cloak of terror when the occasion demands it. In spite of the fear which clouds the activities of all in the Reich there are still people who can think back a little longer than a decade, can see beyond the borders of their country, can read books other than Mein Kampf and realize that doubling the doctrines of Nazism does not brand one a pariah; but rather the opposite is the truth. "Escape" is a revealing and masterful book. It makes one see the reason why the democratic countries have, after a long period of reluctance, finally resorted to the sword in order to rid the earth of the scourge that is Hitlerism. —L. N. P.

MY LIFE: Autobiography of Havelock Ellis. Boston, Houghton Mifflin, 1939, pp. 64. \$3.75.

Anyone who expects this book to be at all similar to other writings of the author is due for a disappointment. His famous "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" is a series of dreary case records. His "Dance of Life" is a delightfully literary product. The autobiography, while written with obviously serious intent, is neither a good piece of literature, nor an addition to scientific knowledge. It was begun at the age of forty, was worked over for another forty years and was published this December after the author's death, which may partly account for its laboured style.

Havelock Ellis is respected as a great scientist, philosopher, psychologist, and as a pioneer, famous in his particular field of research. His autobiography reveals a personality quite detached, vague and remote from his work. The theme is too self-centered for popular appeal, it tells little of the world in which Ellis lived or of his contemporaries. It consists of a succession of tedious and inconsequential episodes concerning the author and his wife. These are written too briefly to arouse interest and each follows so closely upon the other as to grow monotonous. Interspersed are many intimate and sentimental letters from one to the other. The association of an authority on abnormal psychology with Victorian sentiment might be rather startling, were it not for the fact that both the incidents described and the literary style are so boring, that one can scarcely arouse oneself to the point of surprise.

After 647 pages of this sort of thing it is after nothing of interest, enjoyment, or it offers nothing of interest, enjoyment, or teaching. Probably the student of "Ellisian" philosophy will hope to become more intimately acquainted with the master, and will wade through the book on this account. But, it is a thousand pities, that such a man should have left so uninspired a document to posterity. It is especially sad, because he hoped (see the preface) that it would rank among the great autobiographies of the world, in the good company of St. Augustine, Casanova, Rousseau and Celina. —D. R.

INEBRIATE

THE JUNIOR PROM
Was three hours away,
And on his dresser, a quart of shimmering
amber fluid
Stood, or rather lay,
But first he must be dressed,
And so he resolutely turned his back,
And he laid out his starched shirt, and his
white vest, and his tails—all freshly
pressed,
And commenced to strip for a shower,
But his room-mate came in,
And he had to offer him a drink, and in spite
of his will-power
He took one too.
Which wasn't a wise thing to do.
Because then he wanted another, and another,
And another,
And so he had another, and another,
And another,
AND a hot shower, which helped.

But he got dressed (not any too soon).
And he only did it then, because he had tied
his bow-tie up that afternoon.
And he put on his coat
And he called for the PROM.
And he went to the PROM.
And he checked his coat, and as he was turn-
ing away
Some one came up, and he heard him say,
"You know, you remind me of the absent-
minded professor who forgot his pants
One day."
And he hiccupped "Why?" with a quizzical
glance.
And the man said,
"Because
You have forgotten your pants."
—CHUCK.

Soak the Student

I am now a freshman at McGill. Several months ago I drew up rough drafts of what might have resolved itself into the following letter; I did not send it, however, because I feared that certain bits of fiction which I had interposed among the truths would lead people to think the whole matter fiction, and such is not the case. Finding that that of which I complained is just as true after entrance into college as before taking that step, I now burden the world with my wails. Let ye who read it harken unto my words; let ye compare my problem to your own; then let us do something about it. Let us, perhaps, wail together; may we not make a universal wail, that beer steins tremble 'neath their suds to hear the replication of our sounds? —But that is the trouble with us all. We think too much.

A couple months ago. Offices of The Atlantic Monthly New York, New York. Dear Atlantic Monthly:

With the dirges and dregs of my hopes and ambitions madly battling for last place in importance of events—the pennant being conceded to War News—taking temper in hand I write to you anyway. From earliest infancy, some few malicious summers ago, I have been taught "Turn to A. M. in times of distress." "As a War Baby they will be interested in your troubles." (Not yet have I discovered which of us is the War Baby, or if it is a desirable thing to be, or if one has any choice in the matter, or how much it costs.) So, when my knuckles sagged, or my nurse waxed eloquent about her "fellas" I have always turned to A. M. But never before have I turned quite enough to look it squarely in the eye—a little discrepancy about certain subscription bills mailed to me and returned "address unknown."

Nevertheless, wandering amiably back to le cux of the matter, I am about to go to college. To McGill. To those noble ivied walls far below Keyuga's waters 'on the banks of the old Harlow. For years I have been living in want, pinching every share of stock, so I could enter college well-dressed. Whenever I wanted a new toothbrush my mother would stop on her way to purchase another ermine wrap and admonish me with: "Better wait, and get a new one for college." Gladly and glibly did I follow her advice. I haven't worn spats at all (except on Sundays), and I accepted the chauffeur's worn (ies without a murmur. Between trips to the barber I let my hair grow unhampered and unheeded. But at last came the day for la Tour. (French for "la tour") I planned my budget wisely. (Here followed a boring list of probable purchases.)

Joyfully I set out for New York with my hard saved \$80. Arriving at the store "INFORMATION CLERK" sent me "two aisles down and one over behind that pillar," which turned out to be women's lingerie. They sent me to "INFORMATION CLERK" who gave me the same directions. (I am passing positive that any deaf, blind and infirm inebriate who can sit on a chair and mumble a stock phrase at suggestive intervals is well qualified as an "INFORMATION CLERK." Note: If you, reading this, cannot meet all of the above specifications, be sure to apply at B—s.)

Deciding to travel "on my own" I stepped into 14 or 15 elevators, went up nine flights of stairs, in and out of several windows, and at length stood before a monstrous sign which read, "COLLEGE SHOP." A grimy, red-faced little man, who simpered only when he wasn't ogling, rushed up to me and asked me what did I want. I was about to answer when he decided against it, grabbed the slip out of my hand, and rushed over to a pile of earmuffs.

Did I want him to take care of the whole matter for me? he squeaked. "Of course," squeaked back one of his cohorts. "Shall I send it all C. O. D.?" yapped beet-face, this time from under an armload of collapsible wrist-watch bands.

"Yes," (he answered himself, this time), and he bounced by mistake into an office marked "Men." I wandered disconsolate for a while 'till I thought of the \$80 in my pocket; then I laughed and bought an ice-cream soda. I laughed again when I walked away without paying; and the clerk laughed when they tripped me at the door and took the money. So everyone was happy.

I walked down the aisle awhile 'till a girl stopped me and asked me if I was going to college. I said "Not 'till next week"; so she held my hand, reached for my purse, and yelled, "Hey Irma, here's another one." Irma proved to be a delightful girl. She told me, quite confidentially, that purple neck-bands were all the rage in colleges, and that

just by luck they had a stock of them (which they'd been saving for 27 yrs.) and which I could buy at four dollars per. She was so sweet, with her arm around my waist, and one hand pressing gently against my watch, that I bought five of them. (Wise! realizing at the time that there might be thieves about, and that this reduced their possible gain from me from \$80. to \$60.)

A few steps further on nine clerks jumped me at once, selling rubber hunting knives, glass pencil sharpeners, double-duty tooth vibrators, anti-dinosaur insurance, and five different kinds of dog-leads—all of which by the same coincidence they happened to have in stock just as they became the rages in college. Benignly I wondered at the probable violence of the rages they caused in college, and bought one of each—faintly amused the while, watching one sweet child of the moors struggling to lift the garter from off my sock, as the others shouted words of encouragement and advice.

On the way home I laughed at a peddler who lifted my wallet (it contained but \$1.05) and in exchange took his, a cheap affair which pointed invitingly out of his pocket. For one unknown reason it contained but a single pasteboard on which was printed, "SUCKER."

I arrived home to find four trucks without my house, and to be presented with the following bill: (Here followed a copy of the bill. But I will omit it here, as you who have entered college are fully aware of the "college necessities" which are unloaded onto us by zealous sales-men.)

The bill added up to \$15,190,055.37, with \$15 off for cash. I have had it forwarded to Ossining, where I will soon be confined for non-payment of my obligations.

Now, you see my problem. I am sure you sympathize. Everyone is exploiting the college, and the pre-college youth. I am positive that if two more colleges opened up, munitions manufacturers would get into the swing of things, and there could be no more wars. What can we do about it? Please, please, dear A.M., try to help us. We will accept any and all suggestions save only the one that "A life's subscription to A.M. is prerequisite for the intelligent college youth." And that probably is right.

Yours in tears,

BILL.

THE ODD-ESSAY

Such prominence as the Canadians give to their apples should surely rate an intelligible discussion of this fruit. For it is only by knowing a thing that we can come to enjoy it, get its true essence—in other words, arrive at the core of the apple situation.

Now I shall discuss the Origins of Apple History, or as it is sometimes called, the Appalachian Orageny. In the beginning, it was quite fruitless to wish for apples as it was forbidden to eat them. But they looked so irresistible swinging from the laden boughs that Eve 'n Adam desired the luscious fruit, and being 'Edonists at heart, thought they should have one. So the woman who always takes the initiative while the man holds back, plucked an apple and handing another to her husband, 'Adam try it. But his conscience bothered him so much that he choked on it, and this gave rise to, or rather, place to the Adam's apple seen in so many men today, as a reminder of the original sin. Another thing that derives part of its rule from this action is the axiom "an apple a day keeps the doctor away"—you see they confined it to the daytime as they are afraid to say much about the Eve.

But no sooner had civilization got a start than the serpent once again raised its ugly head, this time, however, merely theoretically. 'Twas in the days of early Greece and Troy when three goddesses claimed the Golden Apple of Discord (today, known as Grippe's Golden). The goddesses were, I believe, an Heratic, Athena-magig, and Afrightly. Paris awarded the Grippe's Golden to Afrightly and in return she enabled him to carry off the apple of his eye—Helen of Troy. But unfortunately they did not live 'appily ever after. And in spite of the fact that the Trojan horse would never have had to have been built if it weren't for apples to begin with, horses today have a great fondness for them. I suppose they serve as pome-ice abrasive for cleaning their teeth. Not enough horses are so pampered, as you will notice during your next survey of horse teeth, and more dental research for unprovided horses should be carried out by the S. P. C. A.

Now William Tell found a unique use for apples. He used his head, or rather his son's, to be on the safe side (which was really using his head) and seemed to enjoy splitting apples set thereupon, coming right close to splitting hairs at the same time. It didn't matter if he did split a few, 'cause the experience was so hair raising anyway.



STUDENT VOICE
To the Editor of the McGill Daily.

Sir:
About 3 weeks ago an article appeared in the Daily announcing that the Junior Prom committee was holding a poster competition, a prize being given to the best poster handed in. A couple of follow-ups appeared in the next few Dailies confirming the first report.

Considering that poster-making is more or less an unprofitable pastime, we had not planned on making any posters until the competition was announced. With a reasonable prize now in view we undertook to make 2 worth-while posters spending a nice afternoon and evening on each.

You may be wondering why we're telling you all these facts—Well, here's why:—

Exactly a week or so ago after our posters were handed in, we unofficially heard that the competition was withdrawn, "that enough posters had been sent in, making it unnecessary to hold the competition."

No article appeared in the Daily to this effect, nor had we been notified officially from anyone on the committee, but from someone indirectly concerned with a member of the Prom Committee!

Did you ever hear of anything so inconsiderate? So unfair?

I suppose it's in order to congratulate the committee on their splendid scheme to get the best posters for the least money (no matter how much work had been put into each poster by us unfortunate individuals).

Hoping that future competitions will be more ably conducted by a more thoughtful committee,

We are,
S. L. and C. V. (Architects).

that a new crop shot up immediately. However, remember I am only quoting from hair-say. This story too, has its moral. Instead of carrying apples on your head, due to chips on your shoulders, wear apples.

And then there was the old man named Apple-Johnny who went about the countryside planting apple trees. Apple-jack, the fruits of his plantation, was named after the quaint old fellow. He was also, if I'm not confused, the first editor of the Appleton Press. This is just another way of saying cider press, but since the former precedent has been established we thought it best to stick to the original application.

Today, not only are apples eaten as fruit and Dr. preventives, but if chosen with care, i.e., without worms, and presented to teacher at the strategic moment they will work wonders. At least, so I'm told—but I can't afford to keep my profits in apples so I do the next best thing—what I am doing right now to you—give 'em applesauce!

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U.S. Trips Arranged For McGill Pugilists

Bert Light's Boxers Meet Catholic University, U.S. Coast Academy in January

Best news that has broken for the last seven years for McGill's neglected boxers is the official announcement by Bert Light last night of two scheduled trips below the border. Plans have been completed to send two teams down to Catholic University in Washington for a series of bouts on January 20. Following this, the McGill pugilists will engage the U.S.A. Coast Guard Academy at Boston on January 27.

These two exhibitions will end seven long lean years for McGill's boxing representatives. Last trip below the border goes back seven long years when the Redmen travelled down to engage M.I.T. in a series of fistfights.

ANNUAL TRIP.

Part of the credit for the arranged bouts may be laid to the fact that the B. W. & F. Intercollegiate championships will be held right here in Montreal in the new gym. This would leave the Redmen without their customary trip out of town and these arranged bouts will fill in nicely for Bert Light's representatives.

Two teams of eight men will make the trips. The same men will not necessarily be chosen to take part in both exhibitions.

PRACTICE THROUGH HOLIDAYS

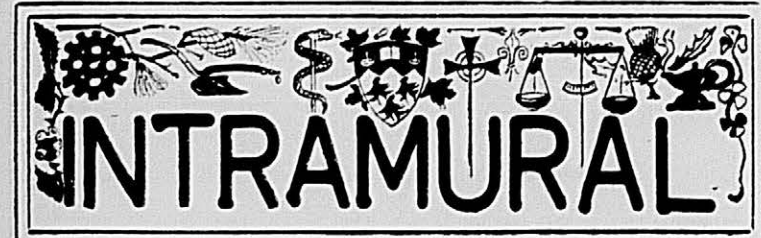
Following is a list of those who Bert Light would especially like to see down regularly in the workouts. Bert wishes to emphasize that those not listed but with previous boxing experience are invited to turn out at the workouts held every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 p.m. in the Stadium Fieldhouse. All who turn out will be given a chance to earn a berth on the teams. Practices will continue through the

THIRTY-ONE TONS OF COEDS ON CAMPUS.

Auburn, Ala.—Sixty-two thousand pounds of coed is a lot of coed. And when one adds about 10,000 pounds to that to make up for the self-underestimation of the average American woman—there's even more coed. Anyway, Auburn has that much coed poundage. More or less, of course, but our estimation is as good as yours—better, we think.

To discover this amazing fact one of the Plainsman's reporters rounded up statistics on 20 of Auburn's coeds, supposedly representative, from the zoo, the stadium, Ag Hollow, the drill field, et al. and wherever the rest of 'em hang out. With the mass of statistics gathered from this inquisition, the reporter put her agile brain to work and presented a typical Auburn coed. And here she is: (you can have her; we don't want her)

"Miss Auburn" is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 114 (7) pounds, and is 20 years old.



Teams may secure practice periods by application at PL 4488. Managers are urged to have their teams organized well in advance of their playing dates and thereby avoid defaulted games. Teams which default more than one game may find themselves out of the league.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY SCHEDULE		
Group A.	Group B.	Group C.
Arts Sc. 1	Arts Sc. 2	Arts Sc. 3
Commerce 2	Commerce 4	Commerce 3.
Engineering 2	Engineering 3	Law 1
Dentistry 3	Medicine 2	Engineering 1

Arts Sc. 1	vs.	Commerce 2
Law 1	"	Commerce 1
Dentistry 3	"	Engineering 2
Arts Sc. 3	"	Engineering 1
Arts Sc. 2	"	Commerce 4
Arts Sc. 1	"	Engineering 2
Arts Sc. 2	"	Engineering 3
Commerce 3	"	Engineering 1
Law 1	"	Arts Sc. 3
Commerce 3	"	Commerce 1
Commerce 2	"	Dentistry 3
Law 1	"	Engineering 1
Commerce 4	"	Engineering 2
Commerce 3	"	Medicine 2
Arts Sc. 3	"	Commerce 1
Arts Sc. 1	"	Dentistry 3
Commerce 1	"	Engineering 1
Arts Sc. 2	"	Medicine 2
Engineering 2	"	Commerce 2
Engineering 3	"	Commerce 4

The Interfaculty schedule will begin immediately after the holidays and since the "Daily" will suspend publication for a few days, players and managers are advised to consult the notice boards in their respective buildings for dates and particulars of games.

Players can obtain hockey sticks for a fraction of their cost from "Andy" at the rink.

BASKETBALL

The basketball schedule will be discontinued until after the holidays when Class Managers are advised to keep an eye on the Intramural Notice boards for notices of games.

The Intramural Department wishes all students a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and looks for bigger and better participation in Intramural Sports in the coming year.

...daily sports... by bill cairns

There is always a sense of satisfaction when one proves a theory. The reactions and remarks of a certain group in our midst, following last week's column, were sufficient proof. The theory was that westerners will gully any story (true or false). In so doing they have proved themselves to be the most gullible ginks on the campus. The average westerner will swallow practically any yarn.

In all fairness perhaps we should go back to football and say the Winnipeg Blue Bombers really won the Canadian Football Championship and there are no disputes. They had a good team and proved it. But let them not forget that it was a rouge (a unique feature of Canadian Football) that gave them the title.

In their two opening games last week the hockey team did all right for itself. The Verdun outfit is no pushover and the Redmen kept them well in check. The combined defence corp, goalie Johnson and the blue-line bulwarks, functioned smoothly on both occasions. Against Verdun it was Coach Farquharson who led the scoring attack. In the game with the Grads most of the undergrads entered the scoring columns. If the Red forwards can maintain the passing attack they showed against the Grads they should be able to cause plenty of trouble.

Last week some worthy folks took offence to most of the remarks made in this column. If it was concerning our 1939 football champions we ask their forgiveness. It was written in the spirit of good clean fun, and we had hoped it would be taken in that light. Concerning other criticisms of last week's "daily sports" we have only this to say. There are always those (and they are usually in the majority) who go about patting everyone on the back, whether it is deserved or not. On the other hand there are those who criticize, if they deem it justifiable. For ourselves, we have hoped to strike a medium course. If we put anyone on the back it is with sincerity, and if we criticize it is because we see faults. We don't believe that this procedure would draw censure from any sane and enlightened individual. Or is this too much to expect these days of censorship?

Self-satisfaction will breed stagnation. This is a maxim which is as true in sport as in any other line of endeavour. We were glad to learn from several members of the senior basketball team that they are not satisfied with their efforts to date. True they have won two of their four games but they have not reached their peak. It is hoped that the senior hockeyists are not fully satisfied with their efforts so far. They have the makings of a well balanced team which can only improve from game to game. A great burden will rest upon their shoulders in the new year to defend the Triple-I Title.

FOOTBALL ANNOUNCER NEEDS FOUR HELPERS IN BROADCAST.

Hanover, N. H.—The football broadcasts that take up most of the radio time every Saturday afternoon are probably the most intricate in the sports broadcasting field. It calls for four men as well as the announcer, every one of whom have their hands full from the opening to the closing whistle. The announcer himself is merely the medium through which the information gathered by the other men is passed on to the public ear. First among the helpers are the "spotters." These are the men who give the announcer the names of the ball carrier, the blockers, and the man who makes the tackle.

Spotters Remain Silent.

The spotters may not talk out loud so they have large charts containing the lineups of each team and they point to the player who is in action. The way in which the spotters and the announcer work together is a fascinating sight. The spotter who has the offensive team at the moment points first to the man who receives the ball from center, then after making several motions with his hands which look like someone trying to push a car that is out of gas, he points to the blockers.

Meanwhile the man watching the defensive team points to the men who made the tackle. All this time the announcer has been watching what takes place on the field and at the same time picking up the information from the spotters.

Leads Cagers



McGill's cage mentor, COACH VAN WAGNER, guides his proteges south on their annual jaunt in preparation for the approaching intercollegiate engagements.

JUNIORS MEET LEAFS TONIGHT

Crutchfield's Hockeyists Play Verdun in Opening Tilt

Royals Play Concordias in Nightcap—Jack McGill to Referee Matches

Tonight McGill high-riding Junior hockeyists tangle with Verdun Maple Leafs in the opening game of a doubleheader at the Forum, capped by the contest between Concordias and the yet unbeaten Royals. Bruce Crutchfield's proteges have been cutting capers around their previous opponents and a hot tussle is in prospect.

The Juniors have assembled one of the best aggregates that have sported the McGill colours in many a year. Last week's contest with the lowly Concordias set up a high for the season in goals scored. The Redmen chalked up ten goals to win by 10-2.

Farmer Outstanding

Alan Farmer has been following in brother Kenny's footsteps and has paced the Juniors in their engagements. Ian Hellyer has turned in several nice chores, and Ward and Holden have shown up to advantage.

In the goals Ross Ritchie has upheld his end capably. His standout performances in the nets have turned back many an onrushing wave of attacking forwards.

Despite the few practices the Redmen have done remarkably well, and future Senior teams will be assured of great material to draw on.

Royals League Leaders.

Royals meantime have proven no slouches and are presently riding at the top of the league with no losses to their credit. The Redmen were set back by the Royals in their last contest, but will be out to tumble the leaders from their lofty perch when they tangle again after the holidays on January 16. Tonight's engagement marks the last struggle before the New Year. It will be another month before the Redmen return to the hunting.

A former McGill star and currently playing for the Grads, Jack McGill will continue officiating. This tilt will mark his second engagement with the Juniors as referee.

Use Extra Announcer.

The pre-game talk, the time-out chatter and the report of what the hands do at the half is handled by an extra announcer. About five minutes before game time he is the man who starts the broadcast with that dulcet, "Good afternoon fans. From beautiful Memorial Field—," which, incidentally, is all typewritten ahead of time. While the play-by-play broadcast is going on he makes notes on anything unusual and the general trend of game. He then uses these for fill-ins during time outs while the announcer rests his throat.

Last, but by no means least, is the engineer who twirls dials back and forth to control the volume. When the announcer says, "Let's listen to the crowd," the engineer turns up the volume control, so the fans may hear the cheers. He is responsible for clearness of the reception.

That's the scene in the radio booth at any big game. Five men working together that come to your ear as one voice. As some sage once said, "There's more to this than meets the eye, sir."

—Dartmouth.

Rub-adub-dub
Three men in a tub.
Darn these small hotels.
—FORDHAM RAM.

Hoopsters Go South For Three Exhibitions

Meet Manhattan College Tonight—John Marshall And Polytechnical Follow

The Senior basketball squad left yesterday to seek laurels abroad, with three games on successive nights ahead of them. They will travel to New York to meet Manhattan College tonight. On Wednesday and Thursday nights respectively they will play the John Marshall and Polytechnical Institute teams.

Eight men are making the trip. With the exception of White who has not yet recovered from his ankle injury, these make up the strongest team McGill can offer. They are: Sandberg, well recovered from his recent injury; Captain Dave Kingston, Hug Purdie, and Sam Mislav, all high scorers; and Reilly, Kallas, Holdridge and Giannasio adding their strength to make up a really fine team.

SHORT ON SCORING.

So far this season the team has shown that it is strong both defensively and offensively, but the players somehow seem to lack that scoring accuracy that piles up the tally. In this, their third American trip this season, it is the hope of everyone left behind on the campus they are representing that they will find their range and bring home the bacon.

In their game tonight with Manhattan College they are meeting fast and tricky opponents. Last year Manhattan won twelve games out of the seventeen which they played in the Varsity League. This

SPORT NOTICES

TEA FOR MISS SLACK

Will all those students from second, third, and fourth year who are interested in going to a Tea for Miss Slack former member of the McGill school of Physical Education please get in touch with any of the M.W.S.A.A. managers before tomorrow. The tea is to be held on Friday, January 5, at 4 p.m., in R.V.C.

HOCKEY

There will be a Senior practice today from 12:30-1:30 p.m. The following players only will turn out: Fyfe, Johnson, Perrin, Dunn, Brands, Dickson, Walker, Keefer, Young, MacDonald, Doherty, Owen, Hibbard, Morrison and Palmer.

The Junior game will be played tonight.

SKIING

There will be an important meeting of the Goony Goofers Inn at 5 p.m. today in Room 37 Eng. Bldg. All those who have joined or are interested should be there with the \$10.00 fee.

SKI NOTICE

Skiers who wish to use the competitors cabin at St. Sauveur during the Christmas holidays are requested to write to H. von Colditz at 1536 Summerhill Ave. or leave a note on the Engineering Notice Board. Please give your name, telephone number, and the days that you wish to use the cabin. The cabin is provided for competitors trying out for one of the ski teams and for keen skiers of future teams. Men will be notified if their application is accepted.

WRESTLING

Beginning January 4th wrestling practices will be held every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 p.m. in the Montreal High School gym. In addition Coach Saxon will arrange for practices with the boys at Central Y on Saturday afternoons. All those who are interested are urged to turn out.

R.V.C. SKI HOUSE

The girls who signed up for the coed ski house in St. Adèle for the New Year week-end are asked to meet in Mrs. Tyrrell's room in the Physical Office today at 1:40 p.m. There is till room for two girls. Please sign up before noon today.

The foreman of an electrical repair shop was interviewing a bright boy who was applying for a position. "Do you know anything about electrical appliance?" asked the foreman.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "What is an armature?" asked the foreman.

"It's a guy who sings for Major Bowes."

They've invented television. They've abolished space and night. With the utmost precision they can gauge the speed of light. Tiny atoms they can sever. And the whole world is enthralled. But though they're smart they never can prevent a man from going bald.

—SASK. SHEAF

CALLING ALL SKIERS

By Hickory Blades

McGill is pioneering again. For the last few years the McGill Ski Club has sponsored ski racing and pushed the learning of ski technique to the peak which it has now attained. In so doing it made the ski tow business one of the most profitable in the North Country.

Skiers spent their time and money in going up and down the same hill or set of hills weekend after weekend, having as the height of their ambition the attainment of a graceful looking schuss from the top of the hill to the bottom. There is no doubt that the great amount of downhill running made available by the ski tow has its advantages in teaching control of speed skiing—the only thing is that comparatively few people are so very interested in speed skiing. The tow addict is not a skier in the strict sense of the word. He goes nowhere, he sees little and from the unlimited possibilities of his skiing he has just merely learned another sport in which he exercises a certain set of muscles. Realizing this, many 'ski-faring' people have developed the fact that, with three thousand miles of ski trails through the most beautiful ski touring country in the world, only about one skier in a hundred would feel capable of leading a party on a tour of more than six miles in length.

For the first time in the history of the McGill Ski Club (McGill Outing Club), a special committee has been formed to take care of the interests of the 'scenery seeking' tourists of the organization. Commencing with the Ski Club Meeting of a few weeks ago, a hard-working crew of experienced ski men were handed the problems which needed solutions. As a result the first tour is scheduled to take place the 29th Dec. Mr. H. Smith-Johannsen will be the guide and about fifteen men and women are expected to comprise the party.

The Outing Club have been more than fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Smith-Johannsen, the foremost man in the field of ski development in this country. Known far and wide throughout the North Country as 'Jackrabbit', Mr. Johannsen is almost solely responsible for giving the initial impetus in teaching 'young' Canada to ski. Ski schools, ski racing, speed downhill trails, tricky slalom hills, all the many things essential to the progress of the sport are due to his untiring efforts. However, now this phase of skiing has become well enough established to allow the various clubs and newspaper sport pages to keep the interest up. Time

However among the problems which has raised an ugly profile is one having to do with the old inescapable principle, "A tour is just as slow as its slowest skier." In consequence, a scheme has to be worked out whereby skiers will be graded according to their touring ability. In such a set-up the only restriction will be that the skiers, in fairness to the others, cannot tour in a class 'above' their own, then of course, whether or not they wish to ski 'below' their class depends on whom they wish to tour with. With such a system in operation, more than one tour a week-end will have to be 'run off.'

There will be more 'dope' ament the Touring School in subsequent papers, particularly will each tour be explained in detail the Friday before it is to take place. Well, wishing us all a Skier's Christmas, and YOU a swell North Country's New Year!

a University of Tulsa faculty member in defence of his profession may give you a better view of the case. The professor asked his critic if he had ever had to:

- Sit and listen while a dumb dean tells you how to teach.
- Laugh at the President's jokes—vintage 1880.
- Eat your lunch in the college dining hall, where you have to remove the half-back's feet from your table.
- Associate on terms of equality with the hairy necked coaching staff.
- Give an all-American a grade for two attendances in four months.

f. Listen to more than one commencement address.

"If you have never had to do any of these things and a million more of the same kind," concluded the Tulsa man, "then what the hell do you know about teaching?"

Now what do you think of your professors?

—Ubyseye.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never hath stopped and turned
ed his head
And to himself hath softly said,
Hmnm, not bad."

—Every paper in the U. S. and Canada.

Coming Events

Today—JUNIOR HOCKEY—McGill vs. Verdun.

- Jan. 20—SENIOR HOCKEY—Yale at McGill.
" 23—JUNIOR HOCKEY—Westmount vs. McGill.
" 26—THE SPINSTERS' SPREE—Royal Victoria College.
" 30—JUNIOR HOCKEY—McGill vs. Royals.
- Feb. 2—NEWMAN CLUB "At Home"—Mount Royal Hotel.
" 5—SENIOR HOCKEY—Princeton at McGill.
" 6—JUNIOR HOCKEY—Concordia at McGill.
" 9—SENIOR BASKETBALL—Western at McGill.
" 17—SENIOR HOCKEY—Queen's at McGill.
" 17—SENIOR BASKETBALL—Queen's at McGill.
" 20—JUNIOR HOCKEY—Westmount at McGill.
" 23—B.W. & F. MEET—at McGill.
" 24—B.W. & F. MEET—at McGill.
" 24—GYMNASTIC MEET—at McGill.
- Mar. 1—SENIOR HOCKEY—Toronto at McGill.
" 2—SENIOR BASKETBALL—Toronto at McGill.

KNOW MCGILL

By S. S.

(Continued from Page One)

the northern half of the east wing of the Medical Building, the clinic, however, is its prize possession. Not only is it thoroughly equipped, but it is in a position to use the X-ray and Pathological department of the Hospital, and also the surgical operating theatre. What is important, too, is the fact that the professional anaesthetists of the institution are always available in an emergency.

PLAYERS TICKETS

(Continued from Page One)

holidays it is imperative that this be attended to at once.

Ambrose Saunders, K. Haverfield, Isabel Kneeland, B. McCrory, H. Palin, A. Dickson, A. Gnaedinger, K. Norton, J. Whitmore, H. Trenholme, M. Lundon, B. Hamilton, M. Gaunt, N. Griffin, E. Laing, S. Blais, C. Roblin, D. Ashdown, T. Johnson, P. Tyndale, B. Tyndale, E. Munroe, H. L'Esperance, M. Hall, L. Gilday, S. Blair, G. Lindsay, J. Warburton, S. Coonan, J. Hampson, K. Gurd, M. Seybold, I. Bruneau, M. Owens, M. Main, M. Mackay.

Production heads must turn in all bills at once. Full reports of committees must be prepared to be read at the next General Meeting of the Club. Please get these ready before the holidays.

CANADIAN AIR FORCE CHOOSES 8 MCGILL MEN

(Continued from Page One)

mathematics is essential for this type of work and the majority of the men chosen are honour graduates in mathematics and physics from McGill. It is understood they will receive a certain amount of flying instruction, but their duties will lie along the lines of lecturing and demonstrating the theory of navigation in the air, which is carried on almost entirely by instruments.

SANTA VISITS GERMAN PARTY

(Continued from Page One)

studies of the German language in spite of the hostilities, and that the German club was still so popular as the number of members showed it to be. He reminded us that the Germany of Schiller, Goethe, Wagner and Nietzsche, could not be destroyed by the political Germany of today, and that as long as the German language exists, so will the German culture. He then introduced the new president of the club, Catherine Skinner, the vice-president, Clive von Cardinal, and the secretary, Catherine Munro.

LAKE PLACID SCENE OF FETE

(Continued from Page One)

Membership Obligatory
Expenses include train fare with hotel rates and meals extra. Everyone making the trip must be a member of the Canadian Youth Hostels Association. Admission to the Association can be attained through payment of a nominal membership fee.

Arrangements are pending for trips to other points during the year. Collingwood and Orangeville are two points at present under consideration. In addition the annual trip to Lumberlost will be made later in the season.

MCGILL MUSICAL GROUP GATHERS

(Continued from Page One)

to write a skit, without knowing what to write about.

Dr. Douglas Clarke, dean of the Conservatorium of Music accompanied the orchestra, while the audience joined heartily in the singing of Christmas carols. "Good King Wenceslas" and "The Holly and the Ivy" headed the list.

Refreshments were served at the end of the programme and dancing finished off the evening. Brightly colored balloons and other Christmas decorations added to the festive atmosphere of the meeting.

Engineer: "I was held up on my way home last night."
Artist: "Huh! That's the only way you can get there."

—SASK. SHEAF

NOTICES

Notices must be in by 7 p.m. They will not be accepted over the telephone. "For Sale" and "Wanted" items will be considered as advertising and should be submitted to the Advertising Manager.

New York Trip.

Will any students interested in travelling to New York on Wednesday night via the Delaware and Hudson Railway please sign the lists posted in the Arts and Medical Buildings? If at least 25 are interested in going the D. & H. will give us a special air-conditioned coach and also special party rates which are considerably lower than holiday fares. (Tu.)

SPECIAL COACH FOR MCGILL STUDENTS

The Central Vermont is adding an extra air conditioned coach on the Ambassador going to Boston on Wednesday, Dec. 20th. Train leaves from Bonaventure at 10.10 a.m. and is for the private use of the students providing a minimum of 25 students use its facilities. Special students rates will be in effect. For further information call MA. 7316, Mr. Lortie.

Lost

One black Waterman's fountain pen. No clip. 1928 vintage. Finder please turn in to Bill Gentleman. (W)

N.Y. Trip Cancelled

Because there were not enough people going down to New York Wednesday night the Delaware and Hudson has cancelled the proposed party rate and special coach offered to McGill students.

Lost

Lost somewhere on the campus last Thursday a Z.B.T. fraternity pin. Will the finder please return it to Fred Barton in the Engineering Building or phone CR. 1228.

Pre-Med Society

There will also be St. John's Ambulance exams held from 4-5 p.m. Would those who have already arranged to be in the later section attend at this hour if possible.

R.V.C. II Please Note

Today is absolutely the last day for signing for class pins. Lists are on the notice boards in R.V.C. and the Arts Common Room (not men's). The executive meets today to decide on the matter.

If you desire a class picture, you may sign for one or more at the same time. (Z)

NO FEELING.

Kids Don't Care About Anything.
"Poor Peter Sanderson," the neighbors always said when he passed with his bundle of papers held tightly under his arm. The reason for their pity came from the fact that he had only one arm. He was only ten years old. One year ago, when he had been scratched by a rusty nail on a fence; blood poisoning and then gangrene had ended in amputation. The nurses had been amazed at the courage shown by the little tot. When he had recovered each planted a kiss on his tiny lips and held him that he was the bravest thing they had ever seen.

His father had been unemployed for the last three years, and things had been pretty tough. Peter helped at home as much as he could. His paper money meant a lot to these people. Someday, thought Peter, my father will be back to work and we'll have a lovely home with a back yard and real flowers. But that day never seemed to come.

Peter felt awful cold as he waited on the corner of the business district. He huddled up against the wall of the building, for his thin coat gave him little or no protection against the cold snowy wind. As each person neared the little fellow, he would dart out and ask in his queer high voice, which by this time was further heightened by the cold, "Paper Sir?" Sales were not very good. It was so cold that people did not feel like stopping even for a moment.

Home Again.

Papers finally sold, Peter hurried through the streets on his way home. In his hand he held the large sum of fifty cents, the result of four hours standing about. But to this little fellow, this was a fortune. At last he was at his own street and home, home to him was on the third floor of a building, which should have been torn down twenty years before Peter's time. Old, smelly and a true fire trap were the only adjectives which would do full justice to the building. Peter forgot all this as he rushed up the stairs.

Bursting into the two roomed hovel his nostrils were met with the unmistakable smell of gas. "What has happened, has something happened to the stove?" Rushing into the bedroom his poor little eyes gazed on the lifeless bodies of his mother and father on the bed. Beside them lay a note which read as follows:

The Note.

"To the finder:
Please see that my only son, Peter Sanderson, is placed in the hands of a reputable welfare. It is the only way he can really receive that which he rightfully deserves, namely an education and real solid food and companionship.

I sincerely hope that he will forgive his poor mother and father for what we have done. There is no place for us in this world and so we have gone to another to try our luck. I honestly hope that Peter is not the one to find us here first."
"Dad and Mom why did you do this to me?" sobbed Peter. "We needed each other. Please, dear Lord, make this a horrible dream." The little fellow with tear stained eyes got up and ran into the street. A large car applied its breaks. But a second too late.

The body of Peter was withdrawn from underneath the car. Instead of horror on his face, there was a smile. Just before he died he mumbled, "Wait for me, Mom and Dad, I'm coming too." Then he fell back lifeless.

The Driver.

On the way home from the station, the driver, having cleared himself of blame for the accident, turned to his wife and said, "You know, those damn kids don't care about anything. Hard as they make them; not an ounce of feeling in any of them."

—MANITOBAN.

AN INTERESTING CASE

ONE EFFECT OF HEREDITY ON ANIMAL PROTOPLASM

In which I introduce our hero, Antonio Gustavus Solomon McCly. Was a Scot'sman from Italy born to be sly.

His grandfather was Jewish; his cousins all Swedes.

It would seem he was born with all anyone needs.

As a companion—no one ever was better;

His happy Scotch blood made him everyone's debtor.

As fast as he could he lent all he would borrow.

This Swede's Jewish blood made him save for the morrow.

He had a dainty, varied appetite

He ate raviolis; on spaghetti he'd dine

And cheerfully mix his Scotch ale with red wine.

The favorite dishes of four peoples he ate,

And with a quaint gusto missed no dinner pate.

He lent his charm to four tables

On Mondays and Fridays he ate with Caruso

—Ate so many pizzas no wonder he grew so.

On Mondays and Fridays he called himself Tony

While stuffed he his stomach with Rome's best bologna.)

On Tuesday and Wednesdays he ate with cuzz Sven,

Ate sil och pitatos, then lutefisk again.

On Tuesdays and Wednesdays his name was—right—Gus.

Sven served gaffelbitar without any fuss.)

On Thursday and Sundays dined he with Jake Losher

Who fed him all he could eat—if it were Kosher.

On Thursday and Sundays Solomon was his name.

He ate roe and geflita with face just the same.)

Our hero on Saturdays ate with Mac Tasteful

Who possessed a full waist, but never was wasteful.

Only once a week could McCly be on the watch

For his dinner with Tasteful, for Mac T. was Scotch.)

His success—and ultimate failure

Our hero cheerfully got his meals this way

For forty-three years, eleven months and a day,

Until (no leap year) on February two-nine

Being not Monday through Sunday he'd no place to dine,

His spirited manly action

—and what became of it

Carefully he counted all the coins in his socks

And went down to a cheap eating place by the docks.

"Best Hungarian Goulash" was the table d'hôte

"Though he never had had it it looked cheap and so—

He ordered the stuff and the first bit that he chewed

Made his system behave in a manner most rude.

It quivered a bit with a spasmodical jerk;

Then it shook with convulsion and screamed, "I'm berzerk!"

It cavorted all about like a demon gone mad.

It popped off McCly's head—the only head he had.

It twisted his limbs into pulled-chewing-gum shapes

And it knotted his back like the backs of the apes.

His complexion turned green with a yellowish stripe.

From his bodily pores there oozed streams of red tripe.

What caused this show of a stomach's recreation?

If you will observe me, here's the explanation.

The Saddle, Saddle Tail

—Our hero's heroic, but useless fight.

The cheese that went into the Hungarian plate

Was but common French cheese of rather obscure date.

Not only was it French, but so much so it smelled

And naturally Tony, the Italian, rebelled

The worst kind of sardines were chopped up in the pan,

An insult to one's palate, they were, "Made in Japan."

The ancestral spirit of Gustavus was pricked

—He swore he would fight 'till he or Goulash was licked

The Goulash contained not only much fatty lamb

But some of that part of pig politely called 'ham'.

Solomon's better self was soon brought to the fore

—Instinctively his system went quickly to war.

The Goulash was served to McCly as one serving.

No seconds were offered—his Scotch was unswerving.

'Twas an insult indeed to a Scot'sman's true zest

And the Scotch in McCly went to war with the rest.

Being the tail of a tale

The fight was soon over—the result as was feared.

Every bit of our hero had clean disappeared.

And that is the tale of the sad death and why

of Antonio Gustavus Solomon McCly.

POETRY CORNER, A.D. 2039.

While glancing through the century-old files of the Daily I found some comparatively unknown works of L. S. Von Yen, a popular poet of the mid-twentieth century.

Apparently these were his first efforts at ragged or motley verse. They show immaturity and lack of deep feeling, but their light satire makes them amusing. A certain quality of equivocation indicates a tendency towards prurience. This is still present in some of his later poems, and led one of his critics to remark, rather unkindly, that this "is L. S. Von Yen's mode of expression, due to regular consumption of vitamins, including vitamin E, in capsule form."

The following short pieces have been selected as some of the best of L. S. Von Yen's early works. The short poem has a sincerity and intensity of feeling, not frequently met with in his writings until many years later.

—D. G. N. 4th.

R. (epitaph) I. (n) P. (parenthesis)

Here lies one, victim of a swollen gland.

A charming lovable maiden;

Romantic ever, almost to a fault,

Robbed she is at her last request,

In a pale blue negligee, thus prepared to

Enter on the adventures of the long long night.

There am I by the side of my loved one,

Beloved one, as the night shadows fall,

Lying so still, in the hush of death,

Or a deep expectation. No pallor

On her cheek—a faint erubescence

Minds me of the living. Do my eyes

Fool me? Tenderly I stroked her.

I thrill at the touch even now as before.

Enmeshed will I be forever. Gentle stirring and

Low sounds as of sighing, the breeze moves the curtain.

Down on her calm, once tumultuous breast, I pillow my head.

(Author's note: If you laugh, you're unspeakable.)

Proving that little bodies have great souls,—

Reminded that humor said in classes,

Of generally nilly-willy freshmen and Freshettes

Entering upon a Study of elementary

Science, chemistry, both Organic and simple general,

Results in pandemonium in His own classes

As well as envy in the hearts of Those students who didn't

Catch the joke, (being in the upper regions),

He puts his finger to his lips, then points upward

Ere he tells a joke, thus Requesting quiet, to tell it better.

Most students don't know what A buzzing hive of human interest

The Daily Office is of an evening. There you see reporters lounging around,

Banging on typewriters, singing tender arias,

Whistling, drinking unspiced cokes, And often just talking to the reporters

Of opposite gender. Here budding Columnists and foreign correspondents

Can make dates quite brazenly, after

Merely saying, "Doing anything when you

Finish your story?" Here you can read

A hard-boiled editor-in-chief's comments

On various heads and stories. For example . . .

One day the word "discusses" appeared

No less than three times in the first page

Heads. Brilliantly the ed-in-chief pens

The words "most discussing", in the space

Allotted for the purpose. I often run across gems of wit

And sarcasm, in this way.

DREAM MAN NEEDN'T BE HANDSOME, COEDS ASSERT

Norman, Okla.—Handsome campus Romeos may be in demand

when a dance is coming up, but they won't get anywhere with coeds

when it comes to marrying unless they possess other more important qualities.

A survey of coeds' opinion on the indefinite subject of the ideal man reveals that most of them believe that understanding and a sense of humor are much more important than mere looks.

"It isn't how he looks that matters; it's the way he acts," said Mary Fair, Sulphur. "The ideal man should be very good-natured, understanding, and the type which will pep me up if I am down in the dumps."

Besides this, she thinks that a man she would consider marrying must be very versatile, able to adapt himself to any group of persons, and, although not dominating, he should be the "boss."

Daisy Lockewitz, Chi Omega, likes men with whom she can have a "hilarious good time"—men who are not too serious-minded, and as for looks—"looks are only skin deep," Daisy said.

Neatness but not necessarily handsomeness is a qualification suggested by Emma Jean Bryan, Tri Delta pledge from Alabama. She isn't planning to marry for money—in fact, she says that she would rather marry a man who doesn't have a lot of money. Besides understanding and unselfishness, she wants him to have a lot of common and practical sense.

Margaret Jones, blonde and versatile sportswoman, prefers a man who is a blue-eyed, curly-haired

blonde, broad-shouldered and strong, a good sport and good in sports.

"He should have lots of common sense and be a lot of fun," Margaret insisted.

"Looks don't mean anything; it's what you are that counts," said Virginia Bell.

Virginia doesn't have a long list of qualifications for the man she thinks would make an ideal husband; instead she says that "I could interest myself in the things he likes."

She would expect him to make enough money to support her, but says she wouldn't mind helping if it were an emergency.

"I think a man should be interested in the house, but housework is not a man's job," Virginia remarked.

What sounds like the impossible—that he should wear "loud" clothes and that he should look well in them—was suggested by Virginia Russell for her ideal man. Also, he should be a good dancer, good in sports, a college graduate, and 5 feet 11 inches tall.

"The man I marry must be very considerate—not necessarily wealthy but lots of fun," declared red-haired Margaret "Pud" Wilson.

He must also be good-looking, a brunet, well-dressed in the latest fashion, possessed of tact and poise, and preferably a playboy or a politician.

"Enough money to have fun on" is insisted upon in Arinthia Sterling's description of the ideal husband. He should be a brunet, manly but not necessarily handsome, and he "must know more than I do."

—Oklahoma Daily.

COLLEGE YEARS

A versatile program has been formulated for the "American and International College Centre."

Located in the World Trade Centre which faces the Court of Peace and which is the second building to the right of the Federal Building, this "clearing house" for college men (throughout the country) is equipped to supply the visiting student with information; firstly, on all the colleges participating, and secondly, on all matters pertaining to the Fair that would have special appeal for the peripatetic collegians. Then information is available on still other accounts. Students upon request can be supplied with data on the World Trade Centre—whether they wish to be acquainted with any branch of the Centre or whether to make acquaintances with World Trade figures.

A group of volunteers from neighboring colleges coupled with the services of a committee in

charge of the College Centre are acting as hosts who will greet and assist the guests and for a panel of special escorts which will be established later.

An events bulletin is maintained at the College Centre to tell the college visitor what is going on at the Fair with special emphasis attendant upon the more pertinent event.

Aside from the fact that the College Centre itself services as a rendezvous, several entertainment concessions at the Fair are providing for special college occasions each week, featuring entertainment of particular interest to undergraduates and catering to a college clientele. Most prominent amongst these is the emporium Merrie England, which includes the high points of entertainment for a typical English town.

Then, COLLEGE NIGHT AT THE BILTMORE'S Bowman Room has been arranged for Fridays in conjunction with Horace Heidt.

The executive committee of the College Centre in planning this social program included special arrangements in collaboration with the American Association of University Women—the focal point for college women at the Fair.